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HE'S MADE THE
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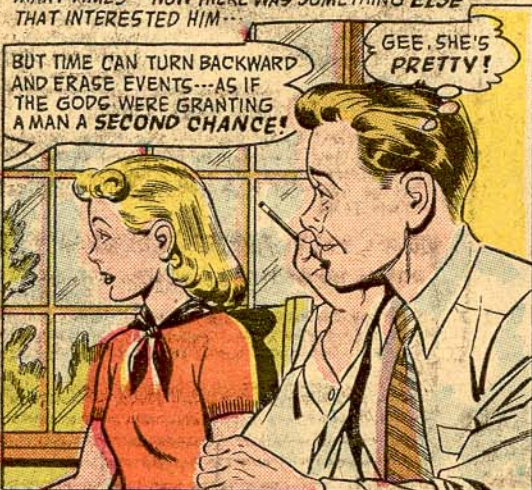
SECOND CHANCE!



YOU WOULDN'T THINK THAT THE DRAWINGS ABOVE REPRESENT THE SAME MAN, WOULD YOU? FOR THE STORY OF THIS STRANGE TRANSITION, IT'S NECESSARY TO GO BACK MANY YEARS---A PHILOSOPHY CLASS IN CLINTONVILLE HIGH---



ED LAMBERT HAD HEARD OLD BARNABY'S THEORIES MANY TIMES---NOW THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE THAT INTERESTED HIM---



BUT TIME CAN TURN BACKWARD AND ERASE EVENTS---AS IF THE GODS WERE GRANTING A MAN A SECOND CHANCE!

THERE WAS SOMEONE ELSE IN THE CLASS WHO THOUGHT JESSICA WAS PRETTY, TOO---**DIRK JENNINGS**---

SHE'S MY GIRL AND HAS BEEN FOR YEARS---AND NO UPSTART LIKE YOU WHO'S JUST MOVED TO TOWN CAN HORN IN!

YOU'RE NOT SCARING ME, JENNINGS! SUPPOSE WE LET HER DECIDE THAT!



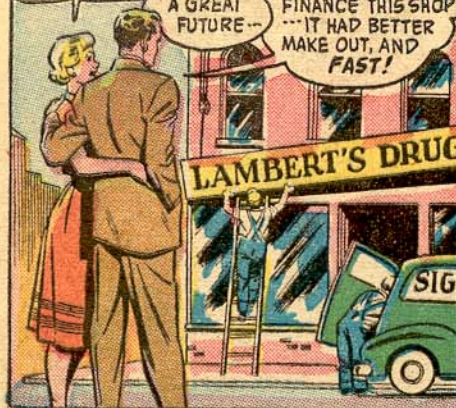
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JESSICA DID DECIDE---AND IN LATER YEARS, BECAME ED'S WIFE! THEY HAD MUCH TO LOOK FORWARD TO---

NOTHING CAN STOP US, ED--WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A GREAT FUTURE--

I---HOPE SO! IT TOOK ALL THE MONEY I COULD RAISE TO FINANCE THIS SHOP---IT HAD BETTER MAKE OUT, AND FAST!

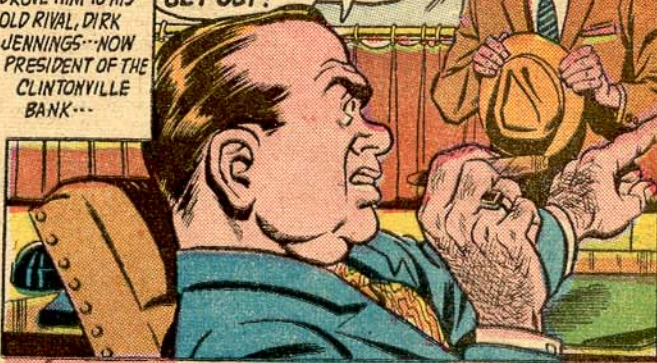
LAMBERT'S DRUG



THE YEARS PASSED, AND IT DIDN'T MAKE OUT! AND WHEN DEBTS THREATENED, HE KNEW HE HAD TO GET MONEY SOMEWHERE! ONLY DESPERATE NEED DROVE HIM TO HIS OLD RIVAL, DIRK JENNINGS--NOW PRESIDENT OF THE CLINTONVILLE BANK---

BUT DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND---I'LL LOSE EVERY-THING UNLESS YOU GRANT ME A LOAN!

I'VE WAITED FOR YEARS FOR THIS MOMENT, WHEN YOU'D COME TO ME AND GROVEL! GO BANKRUPT AND SEE IF I CARE--YOU WON'T GET A CENT FROM ME! NOW GET OUT!



DISCOURAGED, ED LAMBERT RETURNED HOME! HE RECEIVED JESSICA'S SYMPATHY--NOT KNOWING WHAT WAS HAPPENING AT THE BANK AT THAT VERY MOMENT---

TELLER

WHAT CAN I DO FOR... ULP!



IT WAS SOON AFTER THAT JENNINGS ARRIVED---ACCOMPANIED BY SHERIFF CLARK---

NO, I DON'T OWN ANY SMALL BLACK BAG---WHY?

IT WAS USED TO CARRY AWAY LOOT FROM THE BANK! NOW, MR. JENNINGS TELLS ME YOU WERE DESPERATE FOR MONEY--AND THE GUILTY PARTY WAS MASKED BUT JUST ABOUT YOUR BUILD!

ENOUGH OF THIS TALK! ARREST THAT CRIMINAL, SHERIFF!



YOU CAN'T CALL ME THAT---YOU---

EASY---LET'S NOT HAVE ANY OF THIS! SIMMER DOWN!

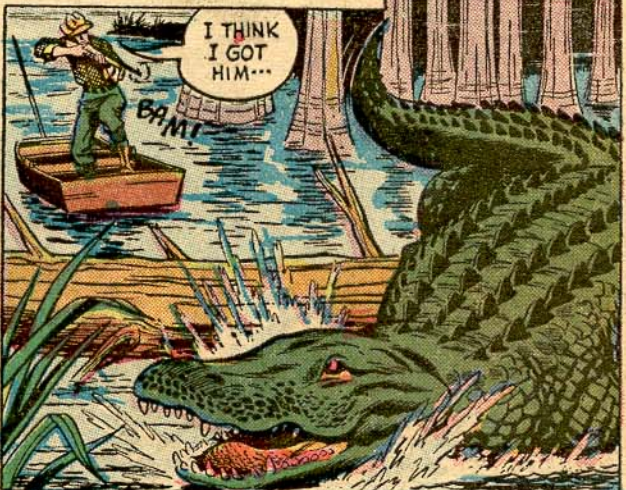


AS FOR YOU, YOU GOTTA REALIZE I CAN'T ARREST ED LAMBERT WITHOUT PROOF!

YOU'LL GET YOUR PROOF! JUST KEEP WATCHING HIM---AND HE'LL GIVE HIMSELF AWAY YET!



UNDERSTANDABLY AGITATED, ED TOOK THE NEXT DAY OFF, STRIVING TO RELAX AT HIS FAVORITE PURSUIT, ALLIGATOR HUNTING! THIS TIME, HE WAS EXPLORING A REMOTE CHANNEL---



I THINK I GOT HIM---

BUT THE GATOR DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY! SEARCHING FOR IT, HE MOVED ASIDE A SCREEN OF FOLIAGE...TO FIND...

**WELL, I'LL BE...!
AN OLD HOUSE...
HIDDEN HERE!**



**HE EXPLORED THE ANCIENT STRUCTURE
...AND MADE A STRANGE DISCOVERY...**

**SAY, THAT'S ODD! WHY DO THOSE MUDDY
FOOTPRINTS LEAD UP TO THAT PARTICULAR
POINT IN A BLANK
WALL?**



**FAINTLY, HE SAW THE
PRINT OF A HAND ON THE
WALL! HE PLACED HIS
OWN HAND OVER IT
WONDERINGLY...
AND...**

**IT'S A...
HIDDEN
CUPBOARD!**

CR-REAK!



**H-HOLY
SMOKE! IT'S...
THE MONEY
FROM THE
BANK!**



**JUST THEN, HE HEARD THE NEARBY
CREAKING OF CARLOCKS! LEANING OUT
OF THE WINDOW FRAME, HE PARTED THE
FOLIAGE...AND SAW...**

**HOW WE GONNA KEEP
AN EYE ON LAMBERT
IF WE DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHERE HE'S
GOTTEN TO,
SHERIFF?**

**WE BEEN
KEEPIN' HIM IN
OUR SIGHTS
UNTIL HE JUST
UP AN' DISAPPEARED!
COME ON AN' ROW
...WE GOTTA GIT ON
HIS TRAIL AN' FIGGER
OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO
IN THIS SWAMP!**



**BETTER PUT IT BACK WHERE I
FOUND IT...IF THE SHERIFF CAUGHT
ME WITH IT, HE'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT
I HADN'T HIDDEN IT HERE IN THE FIRST
PLACE! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT
OF HERE!**



**BACK AT WORK THE FOLLOWING DAY,
HE WAGED A FIERCE BATTLE WITH
HIMSELF...A MAN IN DESPERATE
STRAITS, FIGHTING HIS OWN
CONSCIENCE...**

**AFTER ALL, I DIDN'T
TAKE THE MONEY...IT
ISN'T AS IF I'M THE CRIMINAL!
AREN'T FINDERS KEEPERS...AND
THE MONEYS INSURED, ANYWAY! THE
DEPOSITORS WON'T HAVE TO SUFFER,
OR LOSE A
CENT...**



AND WHEN HE RETURNED HOME THAT NIGHT, HE WAS STILL THINKING, THINKING...

OH, ED, I'M SO GLAD TO SEE YOU---

SHE'S HAPPY... BUT IF I DON'T GET THE MONEY I NEED, I'LL LOSE THE STORE, THE HOUSE, EVERYTHING!

UNTIL THE LATE HOURS OF THE NIGHT, HE DEBATED THE ISSUE---

SHOULD I BE CONSIDERATE OF DIRK JENNINGS---WHEN HE'S OUT TO GET ME? AND I NEED IT SO---HOW I NEED IT---

I COULD ROW OUT THERE UNDER THE COVER OF DARKNESS, WITH NOBODY TO SEE ME PICK UP THE MONEY AND RETURN WITH IT! NOBODY'LL BE THE WISER! I'LL WAIT FIVE MINUTES MORE---TILL MIDNIGHT---AND THEN GO!

HOW TIME DRAGGED--- BUT FINALLY THERE HE WAS, BACK AT THE OLD HOUSE! BUT AS HE DREW THE BLACK BAG FROM ITS HIDING-PLACE---

IT'S MINE NOW
...MINE...

I KNEW YOU'D GIVE YOURSELF AWAY, LAMBERT!

DIRK JENNINGS!

I WARNED THE SHERIFF THAT HE'D HAVE TO KEEP A DAY AND NIGHT WATCH ON YOU, BUT HE WAS TOO LAZY! BUT I HAD A HUNCH YOU'D LEAD ME TO WHERE YOU'D HIDDEN THE MONEY IF I WATCHED AT NIGHT! GIVE IT TO ME, YOU RASCAL!

WAIT, JENNINGS---YOU--- YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME EXPLAIN---

KEEP BACK! I'M NOT LETTING YOU COME WITHIN RANGE!

HE DREW A PISTOL---AND DESPERATE WITH FEAR, ED SWUNG THE BAG!



THE FALLEN MAN HAD STRUCK HIS HEAD...
AND EXAMINING HIM, ED LAMBERT MADE A
FRIGHTFUL DISCOVERY!



NOW I--- I'M NOT ONLY A THIEF
IN THE EYES OF THE LAW... BUT A
KILLER AS WELL! GOT TO--- GET
OUT OF HERE--- GET AWAY---



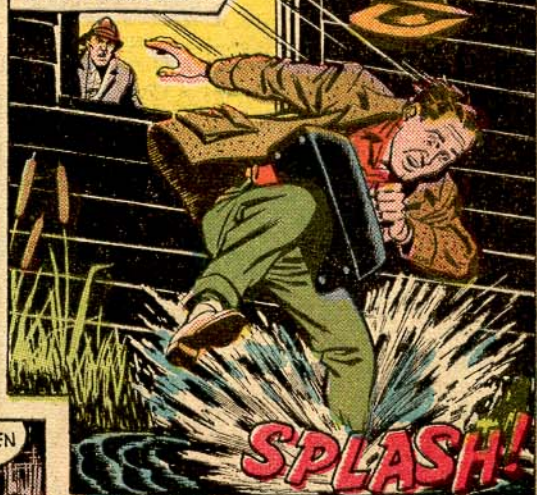
AS HE TURNED TO BOLT THROUGH THE
DOOR---



THERE WASN'T ANY DOUBT OF THE STRANGER'S IDENTITY--



NEXT MOMENT---IN
A DESPERATE LEAP---



AS HE PILED INTO HIS BOAT---



THE STRANGER WAS OUT OF THE HOUSE NOW
...AND FLEEING FROM HIM, ED HEADED FOR THE
HEART OF THE SWAMP!



DON'T SEE HIM! I MUST HAVE...
SHAKEN HIM OFF. THANK
GOODNESS!



BUT HE'D SPOKEN TOO SOON... FOR HIS GRIM
PURSUER WAS NOT TO BE DENIED! ALWAYS HE
WAS THERE... **GAINING**... AS ED STAGGERED
ON WITH NEAR-BURSTING LUNGS...



FINALLY, IT HAPPENED... AS IT HAD
TO...

I'VE...
GOT YOU...



THERE DIDN'T SEEM TO BE A CHANCE
FOR POOR ED LAMBERT! BUT
SUDDENLY... AT THE LAST
MOMENT...

YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR
THIS NOW!

GOT YOU
AT LAST,
LAMBERT!
THROW UP
YOUR HANDS... YOU
AND THAT FRIEND
OF YOURS, WHO-
EVER HE IS!



I'LL TAKE THAT
BAG NOW,
MISTER!

SNAP!



THE STRANGER THREW UP HIS HANDS, DROPPING THE BAG! AND
ED DROVE FOR IT, HARDLY KNOWING WHAT HE WAS DOING... SENSING
ONLY THAT WITHIN THE BAG LAY THE SOLUTION TO HIS PROBLEMS...

GET HIM... HE'S TRYIN'
TO MAKE OFF WITH
IT!



HA-HA-HA! I'VE
GOT IT... GOT IT...

BAM!

BAM!

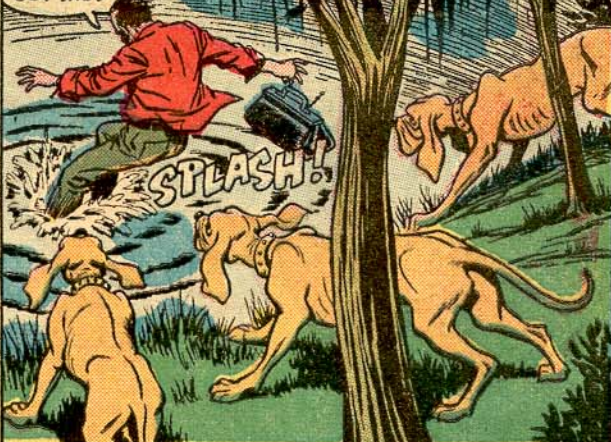


HE WAS OUT OF HIS HEAD NOW, BABBLING WILDLY, KNOWING ONLY THAT HE MUST RUN, RUN! HE DIDN'T KNOW AT WHAT STAGE THE DREADED SOUND BECAME PART OF THE PURSUIT...BUT HE RECOGNIZED IT...



RELENTLESSLY, THE HOUNDS GAINED...UNTIL...

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME!



QUICKSAND! HORROR-STRICKEN, HE WATCHED THE BLACK BAG BEING SUCKED DOWN...



BUT THERE WAS MORE THAN THE MONEY AT STAKE! HE WAS TRAPPED, SINKING DEEPER... AND THE END WAS NEAR WHEN...



OKAY NOW...TALK! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BANK'S MONEY?



STOP LYING! WHERE'D YOU HIDE IT? SPEAK UP, OR...

BUT I'M TELLING YOU... IT'S LOST! LOST...LIKE EVERYTHING IN MY LIFE...



BUT THE SHAKING CONTINUED! GROGGILY, HE OPENED HIS EYES! WHY...HE WASN'T IN THE SWAMP! HE WAS...

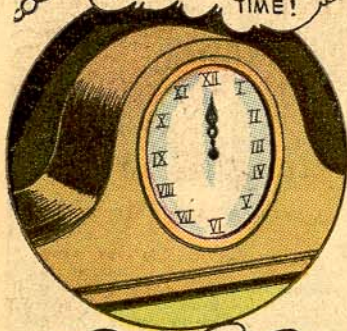
I...I'M BACK HOME!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BACK HOME? YOU HAVEN'T GONE OUT...YOU JUST DOZED OFF HERE IN THE ARM-CHAIR! COME ON UP TO BED!



DAZEDLY, HE LOOKED TOWARD THE CLOCK---

MIDNIGHT! I ... I DOZED OFF FOR ONLY **FIVE MINUTES**---AND THE WHOLE DREAM TOOK PLACE IN THAT SHORT TIME!



AND THE REST OF IT---HOW DID IT GO? "BUT TIME CAN TURN BACKWARD AND ERASE EVENTS---AS IF THE GODS WERE GRANTING A MAN A **SECOND CHANCE!**"---THANK HEAVENS, I'VE GOT THAT SECOND CHANCE NOW!



A DREAM---BUT IT HAD BEEN SO LIFE-LIKE! WHY, HE COULD ALMOST FEEL THE HANDCUFF WHICH HAD CHAINED THE BLACK BAG TO HIM! WONDERINGLY, HE GAZED AT HIS WRIST---AND THERE---

GREAT HEAVENS, IT WAS---**REAL!**



THEN, BEFORE HIS DAZED EYES, THE HANDCUFF VANISHED---LEAVING NOT EVEN A SIGN THAT IT HAD EVER BEEN THERE!

WHAT WAS THE ANSWER? SUDDENLY, THERE CAME TO HIM A VISION FROM OUT OF THE PAST! HE WAS A BOY AGAIN, AT CLINTONVILLE HIGH---LISTENING TO OLD BARNABY'S PET THEORY---

WHAT IS **REALITY**? WHAT IS **TIME**? THEY'RE THINGS OF THE **MIND!** AND IF YOUR MIND TELLS YOU A THING HAS HAPPENED---IT **HAS!**



LOOK, HONEY, I'M BROKE---AND I'M GOING TO LOSE THE STORE---AND THIS HOUSE! WILL IT---MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE TO YOU?

NOBODY **LIKES** TO LOSE THINGS---BUT WE'VE GOT EACH OTHER AND OUR LOVE, AND THAT'S ALL THAT REALLY **MATTERS!** WE CAN START ALL OVER AGAIN---**TOGETHER!**



HIDDEN SAFELY IN THE OLD SHACK IN THE SWAMP WAS A FORTUNE, HIS FOR THE ASKING! BUT HE'D BEEN GIVEN HIS **SECOND CHANCE** NOW, AND HE KNEW THAT ILL-GOTTEN MONEY COULD BRING ONLY UNHAPPINESS! NOW HE HAD A TELEPHONE CALL TO MAKE---

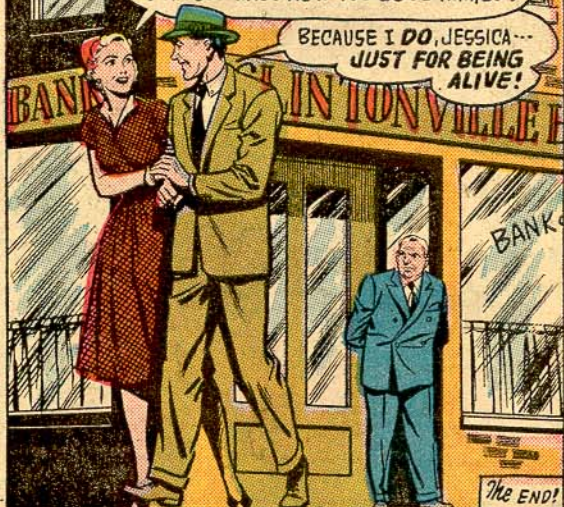
NEVER MIND **WHO** THIS IS, SHERIFF! THE BANK LOOT'S HIDDEN IN THE WALL OF AN OLD HOUSE JUST BEYOND THE SECOND CHANNEL FORK! AND IF YOU WAIT THERE LONG ENOUGH, I'M BETTING YOU'LL CATCH THE GUILTY PARTY WHEN HE COMES BACK FOR IT!



AND SO---

I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHY YOU LOOK AT DIRK JENNINGS AS IF YOU **LOVE** HIM, ED!

BECAUSE I **DO**, JESSICA---JUST FOR BEING ALIVE!



The END!

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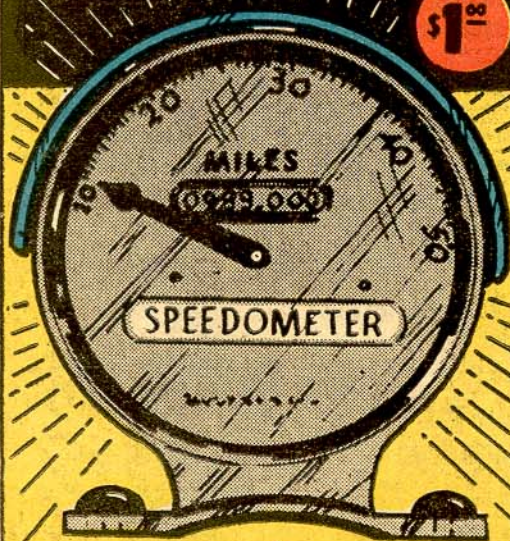
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HOUSE ^{on} MARIGOLD LANE

Alan Meriwether had been devoted to pure science ever since he could remember. While still at college, during the course of research, he happened upon the name of Enos Macomber, an ancient scientist who had lived in England almost two centuries ago.

Some of the ideas that this man had advanced in the mid-eighteenth century were so advanced as to arouse Alan's interest, and he went to all possible lengths to learn more about Macomber's work. Ancient and little-known volumes yielded their secrets, and left Alan stupefied. It was hard to believe, but Macomber had not only had a concept of the nature of the atom, but amazingly correct ideas on its fission. The old scientist's novel ideas so entranced the young student that he became deeply engrossed in atomic science.

As the years passed, he became one of America's best-known specialists within this all-important field. He never forgot Enos Macomber—indeed, the work of this early scientist became his inspiration. It was the development of a Macomber idea which helped Alan come up with the concept of a small atomic projectile which could be fired easily and practically by riflemen. This was an exciting prospect to American science—so exciting that Alan was asked to fly to London immediately, and break the news in an address before the International Atomic Society. It was felt that it would be a tremendous propaganda victory over Soviet Russia, and the worldwide significance of such a victory could not be overestimated.

And so off to London went Alan—where, on the night before his scheduled address before the Atomic Society, he learned terrible news. Professor Alexei, noted Red scientist, was slated to speak just before him, and the grapevine had learned that Alexei planned to reveal, in his address, Russian development of a similar small atomic projectile even more effective than Alan's. From the session, a great propaganda victory *would* emerge—but it would be Russia's!

To Alan Meriwether, this came as a crushing blow. He couldn't even bear to talk to anybody. Instead, through the night, he walked the streets of London, alone and agonizing.

He hardly knew at what point he wandered off Fleet Street and into a narrow byway,

lined with quaint and ancient dwellings. He paused before one of them, gripped by a sudden and inexplicable desire to enter. As if in a dream, he found himself in a dusty, candle-lit room. There was an old, white-haired man, smiling at him and telling him that he knew why he'd come—that he, too, was a scientist and could help him.

"Forget weapons of death," the old man said. "Listen to the germ of an idea that I have—an idea that *you*, as a truly great physicist, can develop far better than I can!" And he proceeded to outline a concept for a better, more effective type of atomic fission. Alan's agile brain more than kept pace with him—immediately, he saw the startling possibilities. "Why, that way a source of power can be developed that can run the world," he gasped. "It can banish winter—allow crops to grow the year around—abolish hunger and need and turn the earth into a paradise!"

The old man smiled. "When you speak tomorrow night, speak of *this*," he said. "Don't mention me—call it *Democracy's* gift to the world—that will be a *real* propaganda victory for the forces of right and justice! I'm tired now—good night and God bless you!"

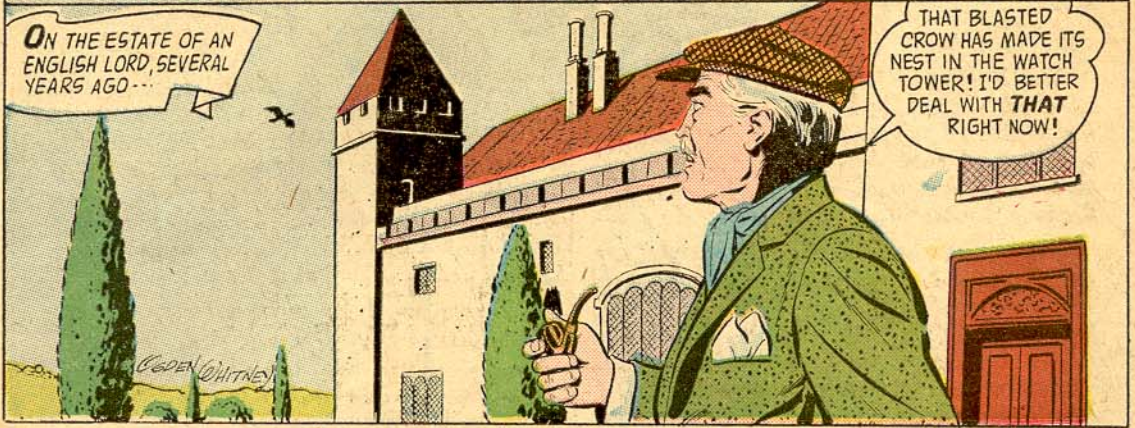
The next moment, Alan found himself outside, practically running in his elation. As he turned back into Fleet Street, he noticed the name of the thoroughfare he had come from—*Marigold Lane*. He had to rush to prepare his notes for the address which would electrify the world. And he *did* electrify it—there'd never been a propaganda victory like *this* before!

The following night, he set forth to visit the old man once more, in order to thank him properly. But when he reached the place where Marigold Lane had opened off Fleet Street, he paused in amazement. There *wasn't* any such street there at all! In fact—nobody had even ever *heard* of Marigold Lane! Had he taken leave of his senses?

Finally, he got the answer at the London Historical Society. There *had* been a Marigold Lane, just where he said. It was closed off in 1759, after a devastating fire set by a mob attacking the home of a wizard. Actually, he wasn't a wizard, but an ancient scientist—an old, white-haired man who had perished in the flames. His name? *Enos Macomber*.

The CUNNING CROW!

ON THE ESTATE OF AN ENGLISH LORD, SEVERAL YEARS AGO...



THAT BLASTED CROW HAS MADE ITS NEST IN THE WATCH TOWER! I'D BETTER DEAL WITH **THAT** RIGHT NOW!

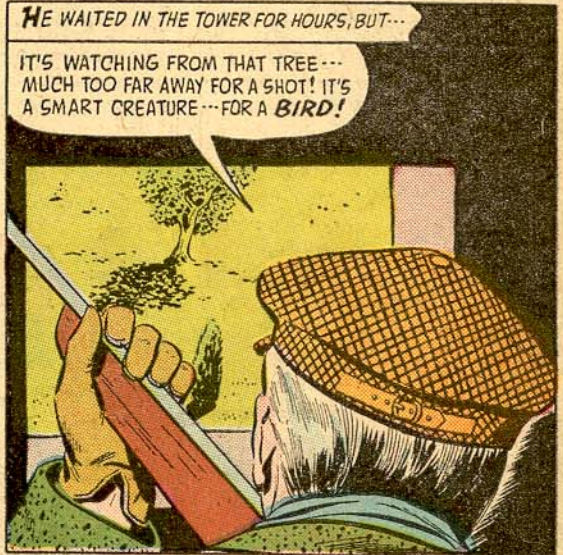
BUT AT HIS APPROACH--- THE BIRD IMMEDIATELY FLEW TO SAFETY---



MAKING IT **DIFFICULT** FOR ME, EH? WE'LL SOON **SEE** WHO WINS THIS MATCH!

HE WAITED IN THE TOWER FOR HOURS, BUT---

IT'S WATCHING FROM THAT TREE--- MUCH TOO FAR AWAY FOR A SHOT! IT'S A SMART CREATURE---FOR A **BIRD!**



AS SOON AS HE LEFT THE TOWER---

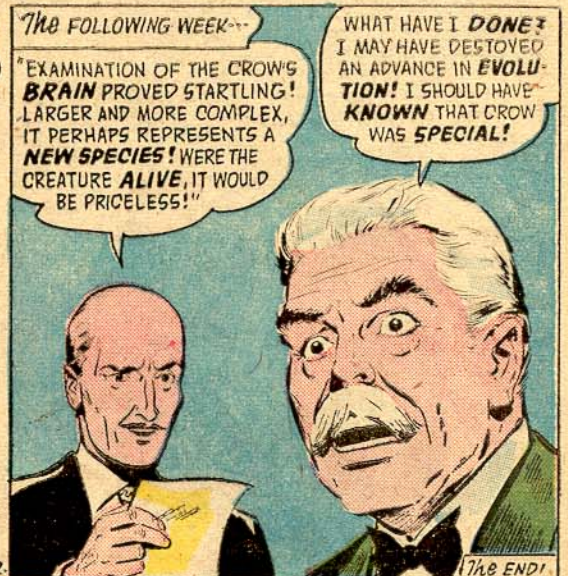


IT'S TRYING TO **HUMILIATE** ME! THERE IT GOES---**BACK** TO ITS NEST!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER---



THAT BIRD IS DRIVING ME **INSANE**, SIR JOHN! I'VE TRIED TO **SURPRISE** IT, AGAIN AND AGAIN--- TO NO AVAIL! IT LEAVES ITS NEST THE MOMENT I APPEAR AND RETURNS AS SOON AS I LEAVE THE TOWER! BUT NOW I HAVE A PLAN WHICH SPELLS ITS **FINISH!**



STRANGE HOLIDAY!

THOSE MEN... **REAL?**
CAN'T BE... SUCH STRANGE
CLOAKS... HERE IN THE ARCTIC
... MAN STARTS SEEING
MIRAGES... JUST BEFORE
THE END...



GIL BRYANT WAS AN ALASKAN FUR TRAPPER AND HUNTER... LEVEL-HEADED AND UNIMAGINATIVE! HE KNEW THAT IN THE FROZEN WASTES, LONELINESS MIGHT BRING STRANGE THOUGHTS TO A MAN'S MIND! HE LAUGHED AT THE FANTASTIC LEGENDS OF THE NORTH, NOT KNOWING THAT HE WAS TO LIVE THROUGH AN EXPERIENCE MORE AMAZING THAN ANY HE HAD EVER HEARD!

IT STARTED WITH A FIERCE ARCTIC STORM...

BEEN WANDERING FOR HOURS... PROBABLY GOING IN CIRCLES... I... I'M LOST!



UNDER THE CRUEL LASHING OF WIND AND COLD, HE BEGAN TO LOSE STRENGTH... HE STAGGERED, STUMBLED...

CAN'T TAKE MUCH MORE OF THIS! HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN?... A DAY... TWO DAYS...?



TIME BECAME A VAGUE BLUR! FINALLY, UNABLE TO TAKE ANOTHER STEP...

I'M...A GONER! GOT TO TURN THE DOGS LOOSE... THEY'VE GOT A CHANCE... ON THEIR OWN...



BUT SOMEHOW, HE STAGGERED ON! AS IF MOCKING HIS FATE, THE STORM SUDDENLY ABATED... THE SUN WAS BRILLIANT ON THE SNOW, BLINDING...

IT'S LIKE LOOKING INTO A...REFLECTOR... CAN'T GO ON...



HE COLLAPSED, NOT EXPECTING TO RISE AGAIN! ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, IT TOOK ALL HIS STRENGTH TO LIFT HIS HEAD FOR A LAST LOOK AT THE GLEAMING HORIZONS...

WHAT...? SOMETHING'S... MOVING... THREE OF 'EM... MEN? NO... MIRAGE...



BUT THE THREE DOTS MOVING TOWARD HIM BECAME CLEARER IN SHAPE AND FORM! THEY WERE HURRYING DIRECTLY TOWARD HIM... AND NOW HE COULD HEAR THEM SPEAK!

QUICK! PUT A CLOAK OVER HIM! HE'S EXHAUSTED!

ARE YOU... REAL?



IN AN INSTANT THE VIVIDLY-COLORED CLOAK, OF SOME THIN MATERIAL, WAS DRAPED OVER HIM, GIL FELT WARMTH... LIFE-GIVING WARMTH SUFFUSING HIS FROZEN BODY...

I...I'M NOT IMAGINING THIS! WHO ARE YOU?

YOU SHALL FIND OUT LATER! COME... WE HAVE A LONG JOURNEY! FORTUNATE FOR YOU WE SAW YOU FROM THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN!



WHY WERE THEY NOT DRESSED IN FURS, HE WONDERED! WHERE HAD THEY COME FROM? IN SILENCE, HE FOLLOWED THEIR LEAD...

THESE GUYS ARE SURE GREAT CLIMBERS! WHERE ARE THEY TAKING ME? WHAT'S THE SENSE OF GOING UP?



FOR HOURS THEY TRAVELLED, THE ROUTE PROVING MORE AND MORE HAZARDOUS! THROUGH IMMENSELY DEEP GORGES AND CREVASSES THEY WENT, UNTIL...

WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE? THERE'S NOTHING AHEAD BUT A BLANK WALL!

WE ARE ALMOST THERE! WAIT...



AT THE SOUND OF AN EERIE WHISTLE, THE WALLS
SUDDENLY SLID OPEN---

GREAT SCOTT!
WHAT DOES THAT
RAMP LEAD TO?

AN ELEVATOR!
COME---WE ARE
READY TO GO
DOWN!

THE DOORS OF THE FANTASTICALLY COMPLEX ELEVATOR SLID
SHUT, AND THE MECHANISM HURLED THEM DOWNWARDS---

150 --- 775
--- 800 ---

800 MILES?
WE'RE 800 MILES
BELOW THE
EARTH?

IN THREE
MINUTES,
WE WILL
ARRIVE!

GIL BRYANT WAS UNAWARE OF THE ELEVATOR'S ABRUPT HALT! THE DOORS
OPENED---TO AN UNBELIEVABLE SIGHT---

IT---IT'S A TRICK! THERE
CAN'T BE A CIVILIZATION DOWN
HERE!

REMOVE
YOUR CLOAK
--- THE
TEMPERATURE
IS RATHER
WARM!

ALONG MARVELLOUSLY CLEAN AND BEAUTIFUL
STREETS THEY LED HIM, AS PEOPLE STOPPED TO
STARE AT HIM CURIOUSLY---

IT IS HOT---
I'M STIFLING!
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

TO OUR LEADERS!
YOU WILL BE FED AND
GIVEN PROPER
CLOTHES VERY
SOON---BUT FIRST
WE MUST REPORT!

MOMENTS LATER---

WE FOUND
HIM NEARLY
DEAD IN THE
SNOWS!

TAKE HIM TO ONE
OF THE GUEST
APARTMENTS! SEE
THAT HE HAS EVERY-
THING HE NEEDS!

AFTER A SHOWER, A FINE MEAL, AND
A CHANGE OF CLOTHES---

WHOEVER THESE PEOPLE ARE,
THEY'RE SURE HOSPITABLE!
WHAT HAPPENS NOW---OR IS
ALL THIS STILL A
PART OF MY
MIRAGE?

WELCOME
TO OUR
COUNTRY!

HE HADN'T HEARD THE DOOR OPEN,
WAS MOMENTARILY SURPRISED BY HER
SUDDEN APPEARANCE AND REMARKABLE
BEAUTY---

PLEASE DON'T BE ALARMED! MY NAME
IS MARLA---YOUR ASSIGNED GUIDE!
I AM TO TAKE YOU ON A TOUR OF
OUR COMMONWEALTH
AND WILL ANSWER
ALL QUESTIONS!

I'M JUST
FULL OF
QUESTIONS!

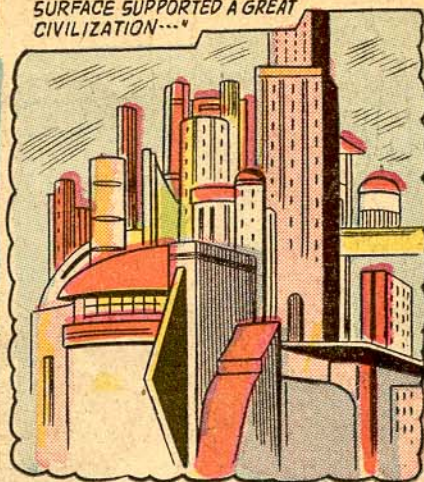
TWO HOURS LATER...

STAGGERING... THIS IS REALLY A UTOPIA... IN THE CENTER OF THE EARTH! BUT HOW... HOW DID IT ALL HAPPEN?

WE ARE DESCENDANTS OF PEOPLE WHO ONCE LIVED ON THE SURFACE... THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO! LET ME TELL YOU EVERYTHING...



"EONS AND EONS AGO," MARLA BEGAN, "THE SURFACE SUPPORTED A GREAT CIVILIZATION..."



"BUT IT WAS WIPED OUT BY AN ICE AGE, WHEN GLACIERS FROM THE NORTH SWEEPED DOWN TO COVER THE EQUATOR ITSELF..."



IT IS THE END OF THE WORLD!

"BUT THERE WERE A FEW SURVIVORS... PEOPLE OF COURAGE AND DETERMINATION..."



WHEN THE ICE RECEDES, WE WILL BUILD ANOTHER CIVILIZATION... GREATER THAN BEFORE!

"AFTER COUNTLESS AGES, ANOTHER CIVILIZATION WAS BUILT, BUT THIS ONE TOO WAS SWEEPED ASIDE BY AN ICE AGE..."



"ONCE MORE, SURVIVORS LOOKED TO THE FUTURE..."

OUR SCIENTISTS SAY THE WHOLE EARTH IS COVERED WITH ICE THIS TIME... IT WILL BE MILLENIUMS BEFORE THE GLACIERS RECEDE!

IT IS FRUITLESS TO BUILD ON THE SURFACE OF THE EARTH... FOR THESE ICE AGES COME AND GO AT DEFINITE INTERVALS! WE MUST BUILD BELOW THE SURFACE!



FOR THE SCIENCE OF THOSE PEOPLE, ANYTHING WAS POSSIBLE! IT TOOK HUNDREDS OF YEARS TO HOLLOW OUT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH, CREATE AIR DUCTS TO THE SURFACE, DEVELOP SEEDS WHICH COULD GROW AT THE GREATER TEMPERATURES HERE... BUT AS YOU SEE, IT WAS DONE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

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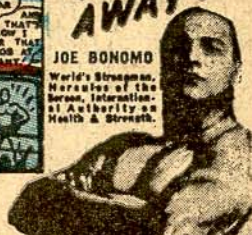
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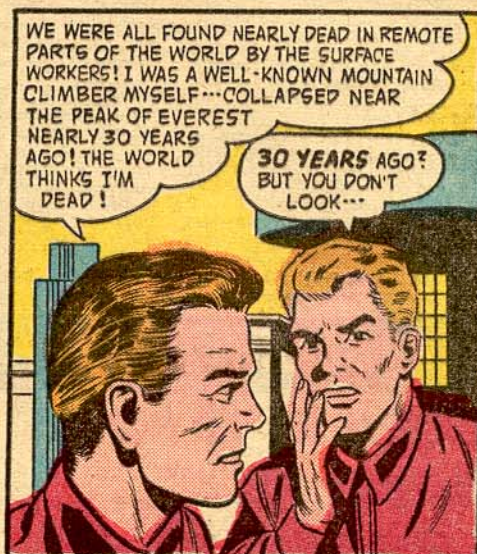
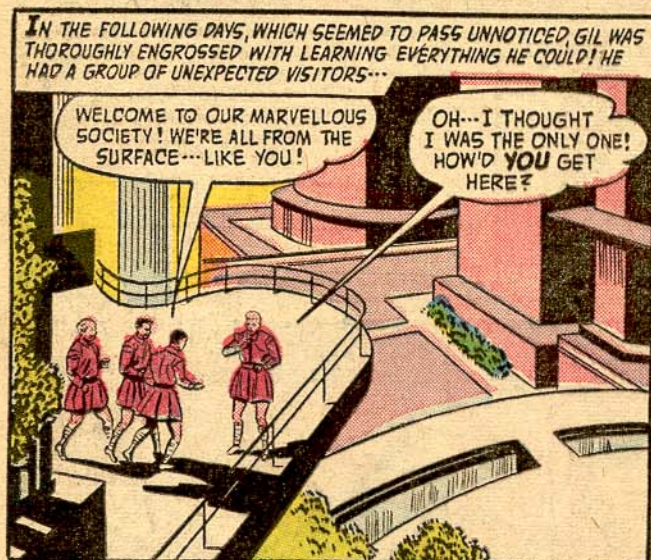
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HE THOUGHT FOR ENDLESS DAYS AND NIGHTS... BUT HE COULD NOT GIVE UP THE WORLD HE'D KNOWN FOREVER...

IT WOULD BE DANGEROUS FOR US TO ALLOW YOU TO LEAVE! IF THE WORLD KNEW OF OUR EXISTENCE...

BUT I GIVE YOU MY WORD... I WON'T TELL!



WHY DON'T YOU THINK THIS MATTER OVER FURTHER? IT'S NOT VERY DECENT OF YOU TO HURRY OFF THIS WAY AFTER WE'VE SAVED YOUR LIFE!

DON'T THINK I'M NOT GRATEFUL... BUT I WANT TO GO HOME!



OVER AND OVER AGAIN HE MADE HIS REQUEST, AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN HE WAS POLITELY ASKED TO RECONSIDER...

THEY'RE STALLING... THEY'LL NEVER LET ME GO... THEY'RE AFRAID I'LL BLAB! THE ONLY THING TO DO IS PLAN AN ESCAPE! IT'S NOT EASY LEAVING... I LOVE THESE PEOPLE... AND MARLA...



GIL PLANNED WELL, AND CAREFULLY! ONE NIGHT HE MOVED STEALTHILY TOWARD THE SURFACE ELEVATOR, OVERPOWERED THE GUARD...



HE REACHED THE SURFACE WITHOUT INCIDENT...

THIS CLOAK WILL KEEP ME SNUG! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS HEAD TOWARD A TRADING POST... WHILE BEING CAREFUL NOT TO BREAK MY NECK GETTING OFF THESE HEIGHTS!



9 DAYS LATER...

GOOD GRIEF, MISTER... WHERE'D YOU GET THAT CLOAK? WHO ARE YA? IF YOU'RE A TRAPPER, WHERE'S YOUR SLED AND DOGS?

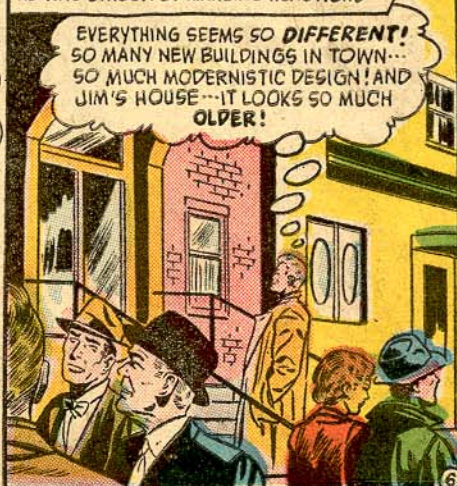
NEVER MIND THE QUESTIONS! JUST HELP ME GET TO NOME... I WANT TO FLY BACK TO THE STATES!



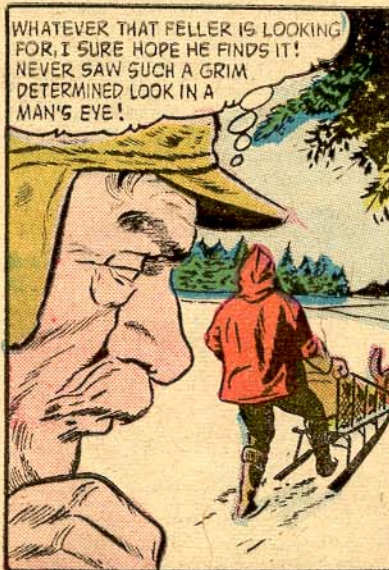
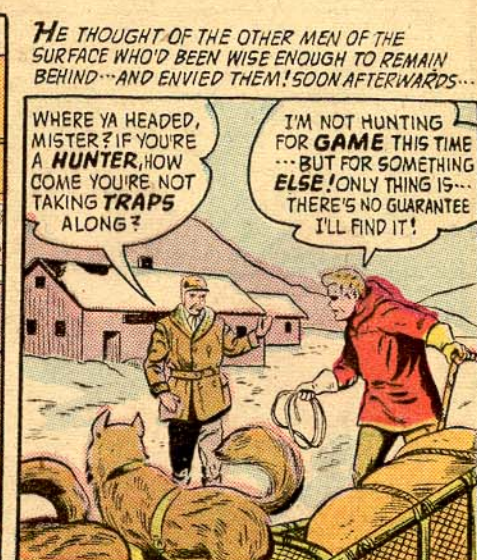
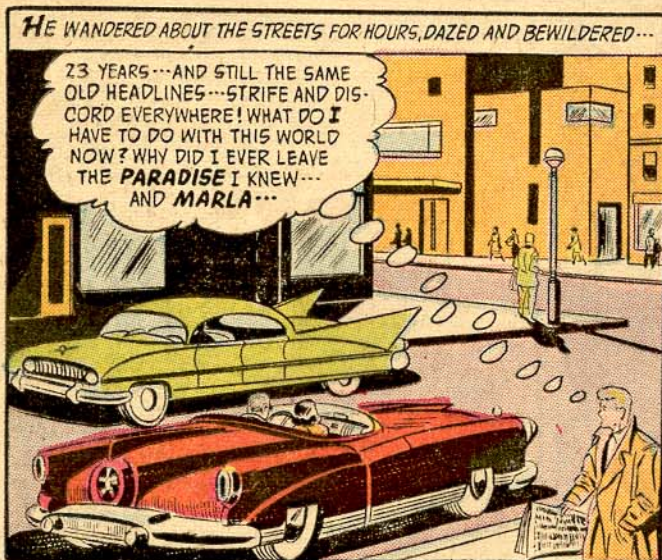
DISTRAUGHT, HE DIDN'T NOTICE THAT NOME SEEMED LARGER, STRANGELY MODERN! EN ROUTE TO CHICAGO...



EXHAUSTED, HE SLEPT MOST OF THE WAY! BUT IN CHICAGO, HURRYING TO THE HOME OF HIS BROTHER, HE WAS STRUCK BY AMAZING REACTIONS...



EVERYTHING SEEMS SO DIFFERENT! SO MANY NEW BUILDINGS IN TOWN... SO MUCH MODERNISTIC DESIGN! AND JIM'S HOUSE... IT LOOKS SO MUCH OLDER!





Hello, readers! It's time for you to take over again, and give ye Editors a well-deserved rest. So here goes for our version of the old-fashioned Town Meeting—and all we hope is that you'll go easy on us! And you fans who've never written us—we'd like to know your opinions, too! Whether you want to grouse or throw orchids, do it through your letters to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown," 347 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Okay—now let's see what we've got on the agenda for this month!

"Dear Editor:—

I think that your magazine is the best of its kind because of superior artwork and the fine plots of your stories—but one thing puzzles me. Why print a series such as 'Out Of The Unknown'? Frankly, I think it lowers the high standard of your book. I hope you'll print an answer to this question!

—Arthur Forman, Brooklyn, N. Y."

It's like this, Arthur. For purposes of variety and makeup, it's necessary to run short subjects occasionally. Storywise, they can't measure up to our full-length yarns—but we try to pack as much interest in them as possible and a lot of people are really sold on them. What do some of you other readers think?

"Dear Editor:—

'Adventures Into The Unknown' is the mostest, including issue No. 78, in which my favorite stories were 'Rosie and Red Russia' and 'Beware The Ides of March.' I can take or leave 'The Second Mrs. Manion.' In No. 75, 'The Lost Year of Francis Drake' was the mostest on toast. 'Celeste The Bewitching' was high above par level, and so was 'Premonition of Disaster.' This issue batted 1000 per cent!

—Bob Scherl, Shaker Heights, Ohio."

That's a neat line you've got, Bob—especially that "mostest on toast"! You've got pretty good critical judgment, too. The

only place you went off was on that "Mrs. Manion" job. You weren't tough enough. It was a stinker, and we're sorry we ran it!

"Dear Editor:—

I'm a new reader, who happened to be browsing around the newsstand and came up with 'Adventures Into The Unknown.' The moment I picked it up, I just had to buy it. I've never enjoyed a magazine as much before. I especially liked 'My Fiancee Abigail' and 'The Secret Of The Aztecs.' I also found your cover very appealing, and look forward to your future issues. An ardent reader.

—Lorraine Bell, Victoria, B.C."

Welcome to our midst, Lorraine! We'll do our best to continue to deserve your fine support!

"Dear Editor:—

I've been reading 'Adventures Into The Unknown' for a long time. I really go for the fascinating stories you continually carry. But one of them left me wondering. It was in your January issue, and it was called 'The Interstellar Sponge.' In the middle of the story, you have one of the characters saying, 'The greatest peril faces Argentina'—yet, on the map that's shown, you have the sponge heading towards Australia! Would you please explain this?

—Lou Andrews,
Newton Upper Falls, Mass."

Quite easy to explain, Lou! Just a blunder—a mistake that slipped past when nobody was looking! Thanks for pointing it out—we'll try to be more careful in the future!

"Dear Editor:—

Thanks for bringing us your No. 80 issue of 'Adventures Into The Unknown'! Fine reading—good art work! All issues are good, but this one made for especial satisfaction!

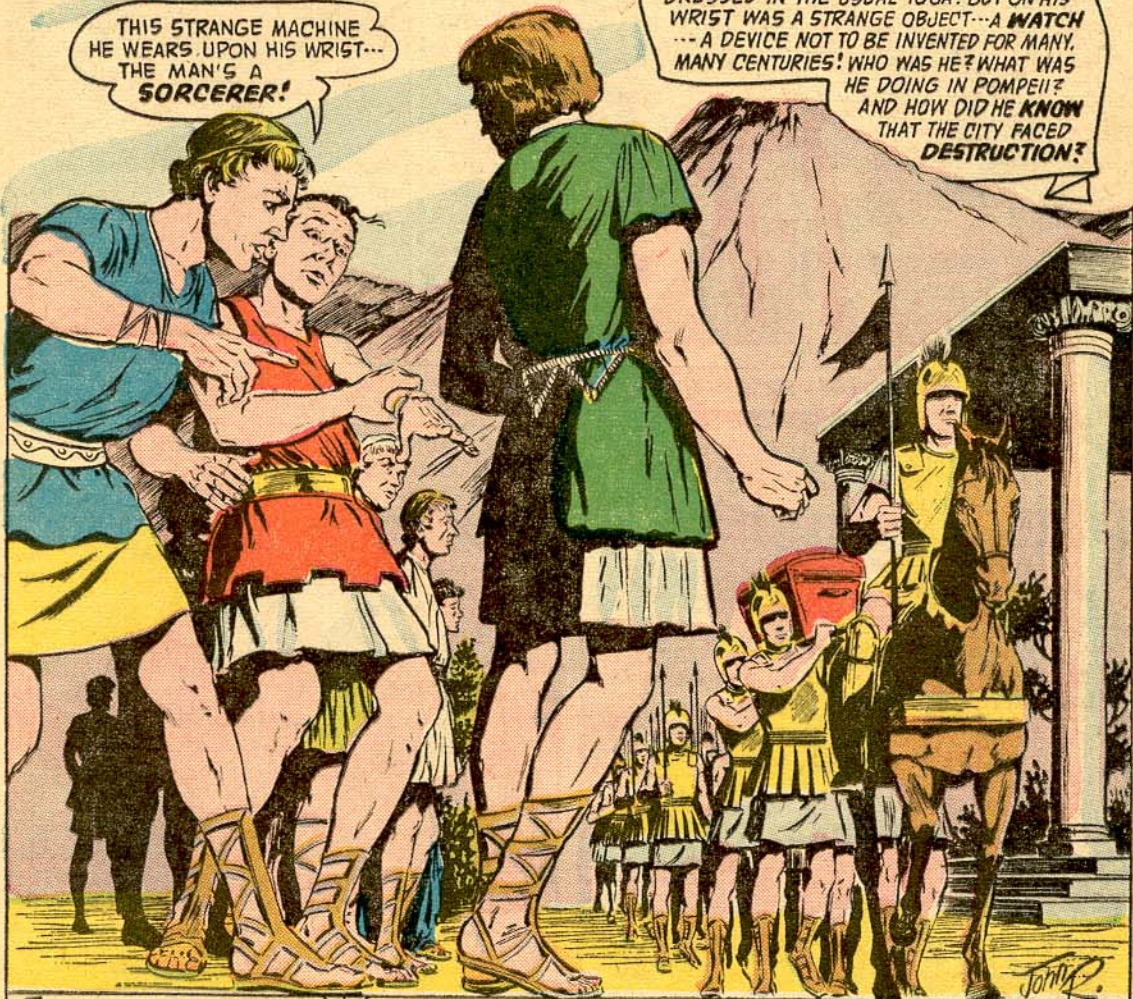
—K. Norton, Ashtabula, Ohio."

It's nice knowing that you've pleased your fans! Just keep on watching our coming releases—there are big things scheduled!

In the RUINS of POMPEII!!

THIS STRANGE MACHINE
HE WEARS UPON HIS WRIST...
THE MAN'S A
SORCERER!

HE LOOKED LIKE AN ORDINARY MAN...
DRESSED IN THE USUAL TOGA! BUT ON HIS
WRIST WAS A STRANGE OBJECT...A **WATCH**
...A DEVICE NOT TO BE INVENTED FOR MANY,
MANY CENTURIES! WHO WAS HE? WHAT WAS
HE DOING IN POMPEII?
AND HOW DID HE KNOW
THAT THE CITY FACED
DESTRUCTION?



AN AMERICAN ART MUSEUM...

I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO WORK
IN THE POMPEII EXCAVATIONS,
FRANK...YOU'LL LEAVE
NEXT WEEK!

BUT MR. HOPKINS...
I REQUESTED
EGYPT...OR
SOUTH
AMERICA!

ARCHEOLOGIST FRANK MARCUSE WAS DISAPPOINTED, BITTER...

WHY DON'T I EVER GET
SENT WHERE **BIG** FINDS
CAN BE MADE...AND A
MAN CAN BUILD HIMSELF
A **REPUTATION?**

WHEN YOU'VE LEARNED
TO WORK FOR **SCIENCE'S**
SAKE, YOU'LL BE READY
FOR MORE **IMPORTANT**
ASSIGNMENTS!...THAT
WILL BE ALL!



SAILING FOR ITALY...

POMPEII! THE MOST ROUTINE ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSIGNMENT HOPKINS COULD GIVE ME! THEY'VE BEEN EXCAVATING THE PLACE FOR DECADES...STREET BY STREET! THERE'S NO CHANCE FOR A **BIG FIND**...AND THE **BIG MONEY** THAT GOES WITH IT!



A SUPERIOR SHOWED HIM AROUND THE ANCIENT RUINS...

YES, IT'S TRUE WE DON'T EXPECT FURTHER **IMPORTANT** DISCOVERIES! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF DIGGING UP OTHER HOUSES, FINDING MORE BROKEN POTTERY! BUT IT'S GOOD TRAINING!

TRAINING! IT SOUNDS LIKE A BORING WASTE!



AS YOU KNOW, WE HAVE LIMITED FUNDS FOR THIS WORK...MOST MONEY IN ARCHEOLOGY IS DEVOTED TO **FRESH DISCOVERY!**

I'VE GOT TO GET MYSELF TRANSFERRED...I'VE JUST **GOT TO!**



DULL MONTHS PASSED, AND FRANK MARCUSE WROTE ALMOST DAILY TO MR. HOPKINS...

HE'LL IGNORE THIS LETTER JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! BUT SOONER OR LATER, I'LL WEAR HIM DOWN!

...AND I REQUEST MOST URGENTLY A NEW ASSIGNMENT.



DAY AFTER DAY HE DIRECTED THE LABORERS IN THE MONOTONOUS WORK OF UNCOVERING HOUSE AFTER HOUSE...

LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE ALL THE OTHER HOUSES, MR. MARCUSE!

WHAT DID YOU **EXPECT?** WELL, LET'S START CLASSIFYING THIS STUFF!



AMID THE RUBBLE OF BROKEN POTTERY, NOTHING INTERESTING WAS FOUND! BUT SUDDENLY, TO FRANK'S AMAZEMENT...

IT...IT'S AN OLD **FLASK**...FILLED WITH SOME KIND OF **FLUID!**

STILL **INTACT**... AFTER 2,000 YEARS? **UNBELIEVABLE!**



HE TOOK IT BACK TO HIS HOTEL ROOM, TO STUDY IT MORE CLOSELY AT LEISURE...

FANTASTIC THAT IT SHOULD HAVE SURVIVED ALL THIS TIME! IT'S NO DOUBT FILLED WITH WINE...**THE OLDEST WINE IN THE WORLD!**



CAREFULLY, HE OPENED THE ANCIENT FLASK...

HMMM... SMELLS ALL RIGHT... RATHER SWEET! WONDER IF IT'S GOT ANY TASTE LEFT... AFTER ALL THESE CENTURIES? I'LL TAKE A SIP...



AAAGH!
HORRIBLE...
I... I...

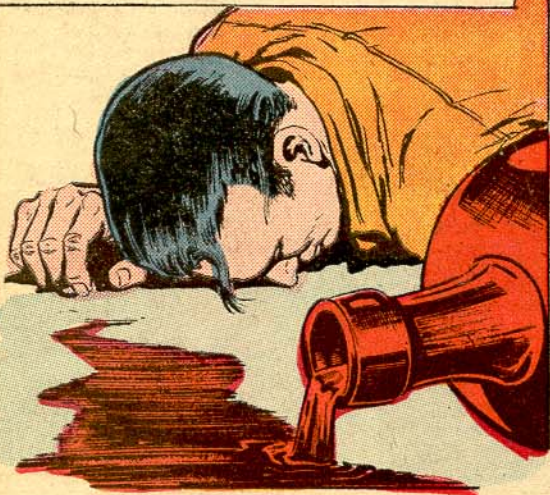


COLORFUL LIGHTS SEEMED TO FLASH WILDLY BEFORE HIS EYES! HE HEARD A STRANGE DRONING IN HIS EARS AS HIS BRAIN REELED...

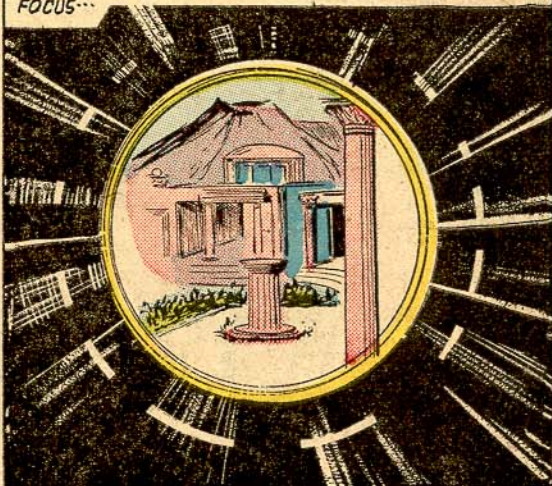
OH HHHHHH...



BLACKNESS... AS THE FLASK BESIDE HIM SLOWLY POURED ITS CONTENTS ONTO THE DEEP RUG, IN AN EVER-WIDENING STAIN...



FOR A LONG TIME, HE FELT HIMSELF IN THE GRIP OF A DARK, WHIRLING VORTEX! THEN, SLOWLY, AS THINGS SWAM BACK INTO FOCUS...



FOR A MOMENT, HE THOUGHT HIMSELF SOMEHOW BACK IN THE POMPEII RUINS, BUT AS HIS BRAIN CLEARED, A MORE STARK REALIZATION CAME...

THIS... IT'S POMPEII AS IT WAS... BEFORE IT WAS DESTROYED! BUT WHAT...?



AND THEN HE NOTICED...

I... I'M WEARING A TOGA!

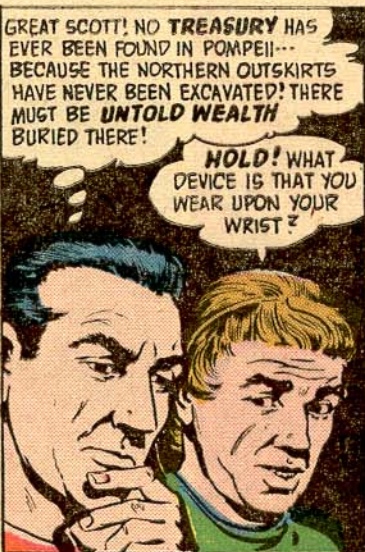
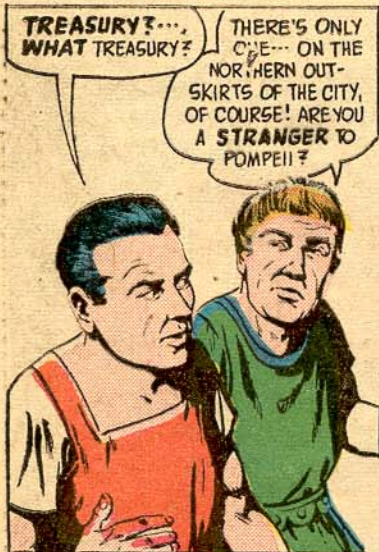
DON'T TARRY, BROTHER! WE GO TO WELCOME THE SOLDIERS!



HIS BRAIN IN A WHIRL, FRANK MARCUSE WAS BORNE ALONG BY THE ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD...



THE MAGNIFICENT SPECTACLE CAPTURED FRANK'S ATTENTION... A GLEAM OF GREED MADE HIS EYES BRIGHT...



THE TREMENDOUS, EARTH-SHATTERING EXPLOSION WAS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER, AND YET ANOTHER! THE CITY HELD ITS BREATH, LOOKED TOWARD VESUVIUS...

THE VOLCANO!
FLEE!

IT'S THE GREAT ERUPTION
...IT'S GOING TO BURY
THE CITY!

BOOOOOOM!



PANIC! SOLDIERS AND CIVILIANS ALIKE DASHED WILDLY FOR THE HILLS...

OCEANS OF LAVA
ARE BEARING DOWN
ON THE CITY! RUN!

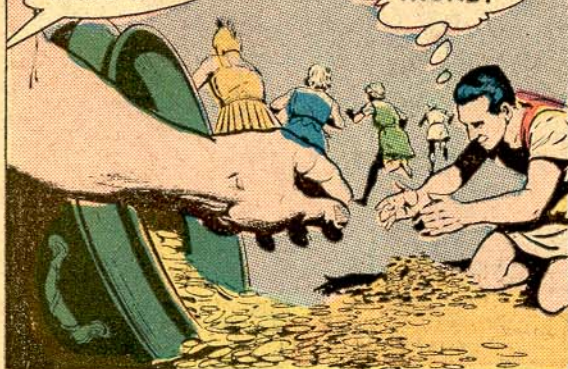
ABANDON
EVERYTHING!



THOUSANDS OF GOLD COINS CLATTERED AMONG THE COBBLES AS THE SOLDIERS ABANDONED THEIR BOOTY! BUT IT HARDLY MATTERED, EXCEPT TO THOSE FOR WHOM GREED WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DANGER...

LOOK AT THE FOOLS! THE
DELAY MAY COST THEM
THEIR LIVES!

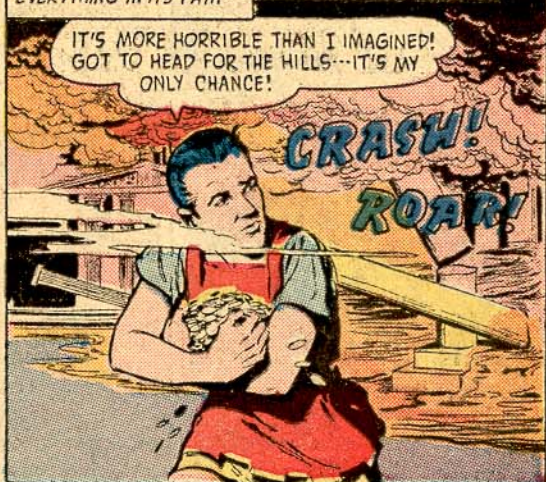
IF ONLY I HAD
A BAG...SO I
COULD CARRY
MORE!



ONLY WHEN HIS POCKETS WERE BULGING DID HE FLEE! A WALL OF LAVA HAD NOW ENTERED THE CITY, CRUSHING EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH...

IT'S MORE HORRIBLE THAN I IMAGINED!
GOT TO HEAD FOR THE HILLS...IT'S MY
ONLY CHANCE!

CRASH!
ROAR!



THE TREASURY BUILDING ON THE EXTREME OUTSKIRTS OF POMPEII WAS AMONG THE FIRST STRUCTURES TO BE SWAMPED! A PALL OF SMOKE HUNG OVER THE CITY IN ITS DEATH AGONIES...

HARD TO RUN...GOLD
IS WEIGHING ME DOWN!
CAN'T SEE...HARD TO
BREATHE...



HE STAGGERED...FELL...TOO EXHAUSTED
TO MOVE...

CAN'T GET UP
...I'M FINISHED...



CAN'T GET UP...I'M
FINISHED...HUH?
I'M BACK IN MY
HOTEL ROOM!



GROGGILY HE GOT TO HIS FEET, NOTICING THE STAIN IN THE RUG...

STILL A FEW DROPS LEFT... GREAT SCOTT, HOW POWERFUL *IS* THIS STUFF? WONDER HOW LONG THAT HALLUCINATION LASTED? FUNNY, IT WAS ALL SO REAL!



HOW MUCH TIME *HAD* PASSED, HE WONDERED... BUT WHEN HE LOOKED AT HIS WRIST...

WH-WHERE'S MY WATCH?... NO... IT *CAN'T* BE WHAT I'M THINKING! I... I MUST HAVE PUT IT IN MY POCKET!



HE LOOKED FRANTICALLY THROUGH HIS POCKETS, TRYING TO BANISH THE INSANE THOUGHT WHICH FLASHED THROUGH HIS MIND! BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING WHAT HE WAS SEARCHING FOR...

COINS... GOLD COINS OF ANCIENT POMPEII! THEN IT *DID* HAPPEN... EVERYTHING I EXPERIENCED WAS *REAL*!



YES, THE INCREDIBLE *HAD* HAPPENED! BUT NOW, WITH THE LITTLE WINE REMAINING, FRANK HAD TO TEST SOMETHING...

I'LL JUST TOUCH MY TONGUE TO IT... TO SEE WHETHER...

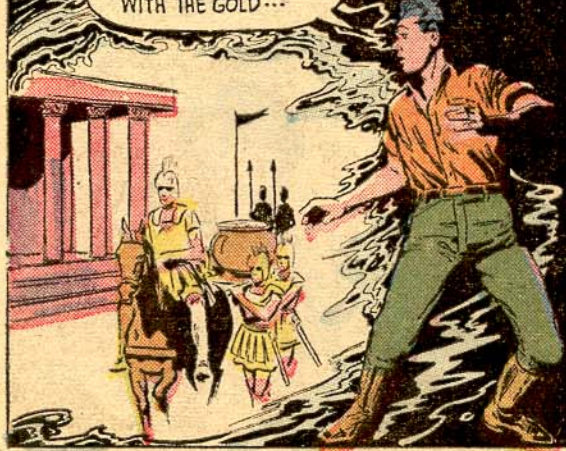


I... I'M BLACKING OUT AGAIN...



FOR A BRIEF MOMENT THE OLD CITY FLASHED BEFORE HIS EYES...

IT'S THE PROCESSION... THE SOLDIERS MARCHING WITH THE GOLD...



BUT THE IMAGE FADED QUICKLY, AND HIS DIZZINESS PASSED...

I DIDN'T TAKE ENOUGH WINE TO GET BACK TO POMPEII *COMPLETELY*. THANK HEAVENS! BUT I'VE GOT ENOUGH LEFT TO GO BACK ANY TIME I WANT TO... FOR ALL THE GOLD I CAN CARRY!



BUT DID HE DARE DO THAT? HOW DID HE KNOW HE WOULD NOT WIND UP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ERUPTION... AND PERISH? NO, THERE WAS A BETTER PLAN...

ONLY I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A TREASURY BURIED IN POMPEII! IF I CAN GET TO IT SECRETLY, I CAN MAKE **MILLIONS!** BUT HOW? ACCORDING TO THE PLAN OF EXCAVATION, IT'LL BE **YEARS** BEFORE THEY REACH THE OUTSKIRTS!



NEXT DAY...

CHANGE THE PLAN OF DIGGING? BUT **WHY?** WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU THAT THERE ARE IMPORTANT ARCHEOLOGICAL FINDS ELSEWHERE?

I...ER... HAVE A HUNCH!



OUR FUNDS ARE TOO LOW TO FOLLOW HUNCHES! GOOD DAY, MR. MARCUSE!

HE'S A STONE WALL! NOW I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A CHANCE WITH THAT WINE... I **WON'T** LET ALL THAT GOLD OUT OF MY GRASP!



DRIVEN BY GREED TO TAKE THE DESPERATE CHANCE, HE HURRIED BACK TO HIS ROOM...

WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

SUCH A LOVELY FLASK! I CLEANED IT FOR YOU... THERE WERE ONLY A FEW DROPS LEFT!



YOU... IDIOT! GET OUT... OUT!

BUT SIR... I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP!



ENRAGED AND DISAPPOINTED BEYOND WORDS, HE FLED INTO THE STREETS TO THINK...

THERE'S **GOT** TO BE A WAY... WAIT... GREAT GUNS, I ALMOST **FORGOT!** MOST OF THE BOTTLE POURED OVER THE **RUG!** I CAN GET A CHEMIST TO **RECOVER THE DRIED WINE FROM IT!**



DRIVEN BY HOPE ONCE MORE, HE RACED BACK TO HIS HOTEL WHERE...

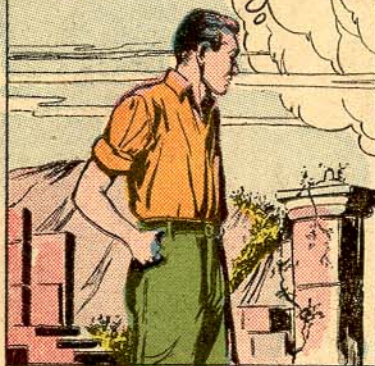
OH, MR. MARCUSE! I JUST SENT OUT THE RUG IN YOUR ROOM TO BE WASHED AND CLEANED! YOU'LL HAVE IT BACK NEXT WEEK!

OH, NO... NO!



FROM THEN ON, EACH DAY IN THE RUINS, A SINGLE THOUGHT TORTURED HIM...

OUT THERE, AND I KNOW JUST WHERE... **MILLIONS** ARE BURIED! I CAN'T STAND IT...IT'S DRIVING ME **MAD!**



ONE DAY, INTERRUPTING HIS REVERIE...

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR PLAN OF DIGGING ON THE **OUTSKIRTS**, MARCUSE! IF YOU'RE SO **CONVINCED**, I'M WILLING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE!

YOU...YOU MEAN IT?



YES, I'LL GIVE YOU A TEAM OF WORKERS TO DIRECT! YOU'LL HAVE COMPLETE CHARGE TO DIG WHERE AND HOW YOU PLEASE! SATISFIED?

THANK YOU, SIR...**THANK YOU!**



IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS, FRANK LAID HIS PLANS CAREFULLY...

THE TREASURY SHOULD BE EXACTLY **HERE!** I'LL LEAD THE WORKERS RIGHT UP TO ITS **DOORS!** THEN, AT NIGHT, I'LL REMOVE THE TREASURE... BEFORE ANYBODY EVEN KNOWS IT'S THERE!

KNOCK! KNOCK!



HIDING HIS MAP QUICKLY, HE ANSWERED THE DOOR...

MR. HOPKINS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

ATTENDING A CONFERENCE IN ROME, MY BOY, AND I THOUGHT I'D BRING YOU THE GOOD NEWS **IN PERSON!** I'VE GOT YOU WHAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED...**AN ASSIGNMENT TO EGYPT!**



THUNDERSTRUCK, HE COULD HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS...

BUT I... I'M **HAPPY HERE!** I'M JUST STARTING IMPORTANT WORK, SIR!

NONSENSE! YOU KNOW THE IMPORTANT WORK IS IN **EGYPT!** BESIDES, I'VE TRANSFERRED A **YOUNGER** MAN HERE TO POMPEII...IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CHANGE THE ORDERS! YOU'RE TO REPORT TO EGYPT **AT ONCE!**



AND SO...

YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, MARCUSE, WORKING HERE WHERE THE **BIG** FINDS ARE!

THE FOOL...IF HE ONLY **KNEW!** **MILLIONS** ...JUST WAITING THERE ...AND THEY'LL NEVER BE MINE!



The End!

STEAMBOAT *into* NOWHERE!

ON APRIL 17, 1873 THE "MISSISSIPPI QUEEN" WAS BEGINNING HER USUAL RUN BETWEEN MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE AND NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA---

HAVE A PLEASANT TRIP, HONEY!

I'M SURE I WILL! IT'S THE FINEST BOAT ON THE RIVER!



ALL ALONG ITS ROUTE, THE STEAMBOAT WAS SEEN FROM THE SHORE! IT WAS A MAJESTIC SIGHT---

I'M GONNA BE A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN SOME DAY!

ME TOO!



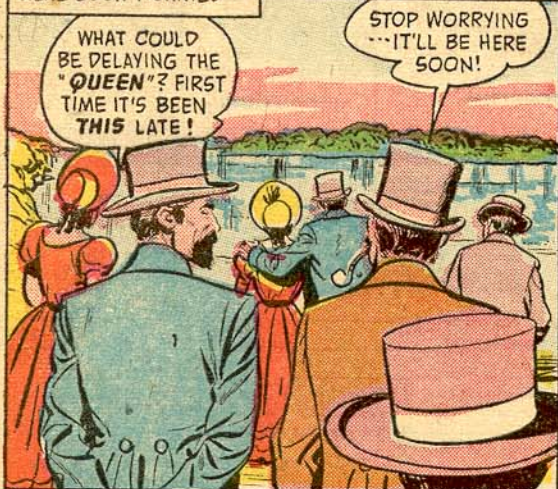
THE WEATHER WAS CALM AND CLEAR, THE RIVER WAS PLACID! AT NIGHT, ITS LIGHTS BLAZING AND ITS ORCHESTRA IN FULL SWING, THE BOAT WAS A SCENE OF HAPPY REVELRY---



BUT ON THE DAY OF THE SCHEDULED ARRIVAL IN NEW ORLEANS, THE VESSEL WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN! SHIPPING OFFICIALS WERE SOON WORRIED---

WHAT COULD BE DELAYING THE "QUEEN"? FIRST TIME IT'S BEEN THIS LATE!

STOP WORRYING... IT'LL BE HERE SOON!



BUT ONE MONTH LATER---

A SHIP THAT SIZE CAN'T JUST **DISAPPEAR**--- ON A POPULATED RIVER! WHATEVER HAPPENED, **LIFEBOATS** COULD HAVE BEEN USED--- SOME FOLKS COULD HAVE **SWUM** TO SHORE!

SO IT **SEEMS**--- BUT WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT THE **FACTS**?



THE SHALLOW RIVER WAS DRAGGED, EVERY INCH EXAMINED--- TO NO AVAIL! NEITHER THE "MISSISSIPPI QUEEN" NOR ANY OF ITS PASSENGERS WERE EVER HEARD OF AGAIN!

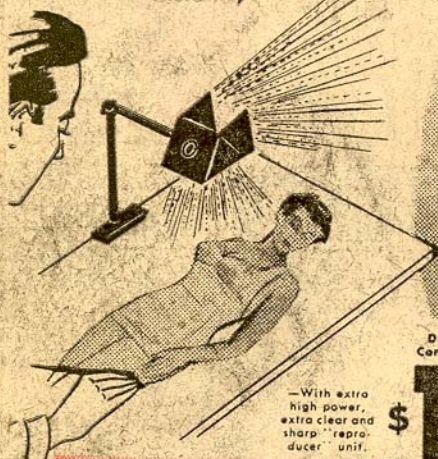
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Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish.

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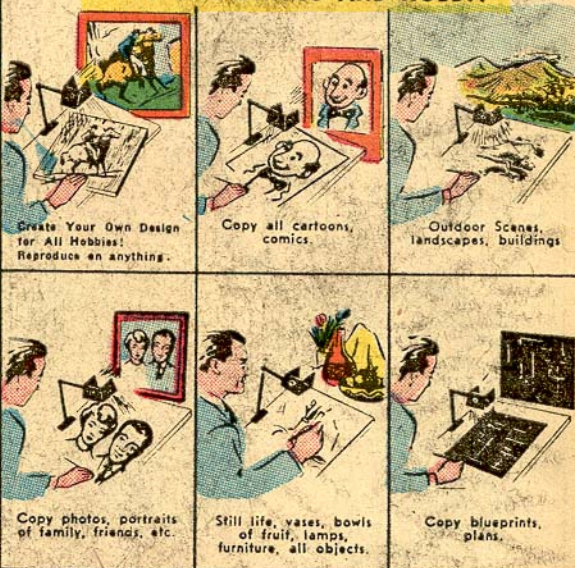
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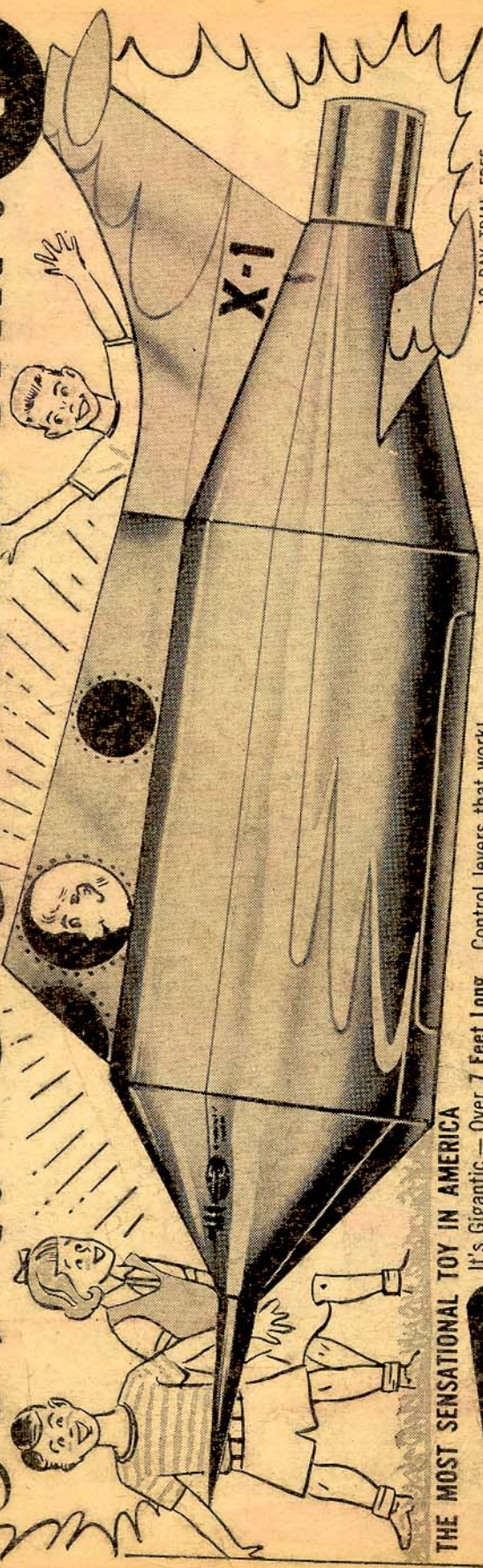
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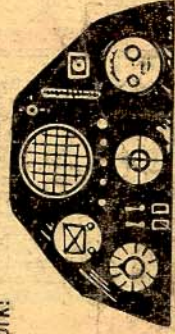
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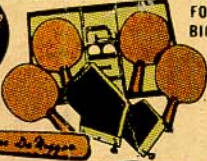
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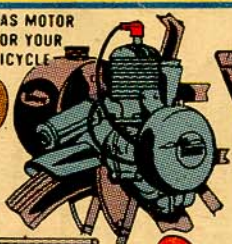
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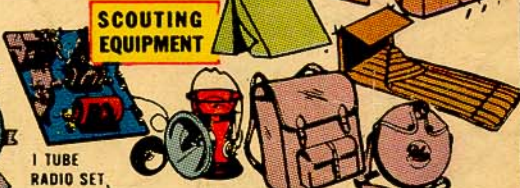
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